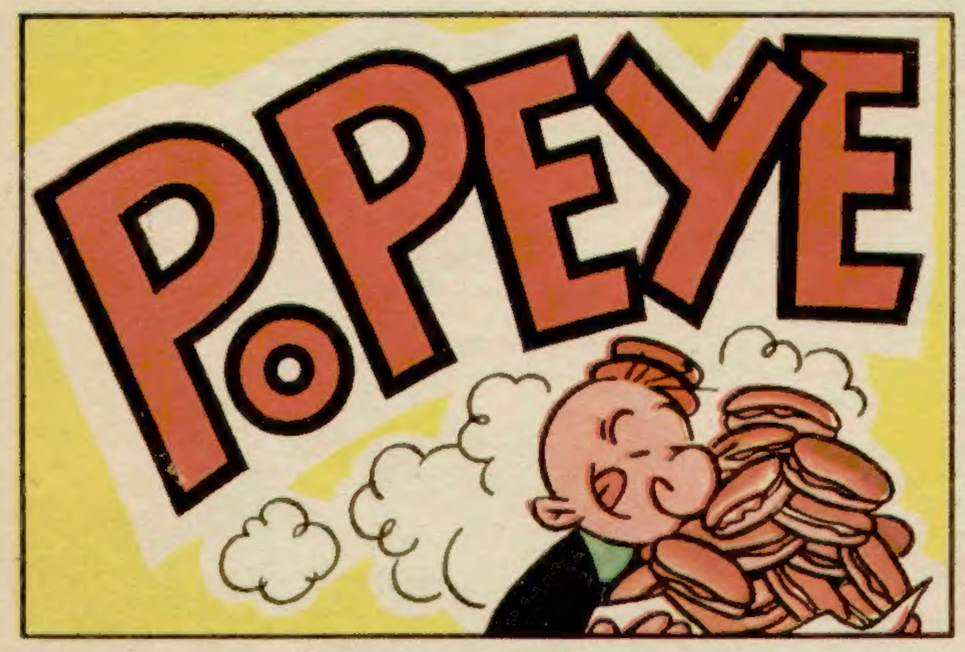
TV COMIC

6D

FOR TOPS IN FUN AND THRILLS

Every Monday | Week Ending 5th December, 1964 | Number 677

POPEYE


FOR A TOP MOP GO TO..
ORES
JONAH
OLIVE'S NEW HAIR SALON
I'VE WALKED AROUND TOWN FOR OVER TWO HOURS WITH THIS BOARD ADVERTISING OLIVE'S HAIRDRESSERS, POPEYE!
Olive's SALON
THANKS, WIMPY... YOU'VE DONE A GOOD JOB - HERE'S YOUR WAGES!
HMM... THAT WALKING HAS GIVEN ME AN APPETITE - WITH THIS MONEY I SHALL TREAT MYSELF TO A FEW MOMENTS OF PLEASURE!
GIVE ME YOUR WHOLE SUPPLY, MY GOOD MAN!
HOT HAMBURGERS
DELICIOUS - REALLY DELICIOUS!
THERE GOES A MAN WHO KNOWS GOOD FOOD!
OH, TRAGEDY - THESE HAMBURGERS ARE GETTING COLD BEFORE I CAN EAT THEM - BUT WAIT! I THINK I'VE AN IDEA TO SAVE THE SITUATION!
POPEYE - MAY I SUGGEST THAT YOU AND OLIVE GO OUT AND HAVE YOUR DINNER - I WILL LOOK AFTER THE PLACE!
Olive's SALON
THANKS, WIMPY. WE'LL BE BACK IN ABOUT AN HOUR!
Olive's SALON
AN HOUR LATER...
HALLO, WIMPY, WE'RE BACK - WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING SITTING UNDER THE HAIR DRYER?
HAIR DRYERS
QUITE SIMPLE, OLD CHAP, I'M KEEPING MY HAMBURGERS HOT WHILE I EAT THEM!

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DOCTOR WHO

Dr. Who, John and Gillian have travelled to the 30th century, where the peaceful Thains are menaced by the strange Kleptons, who seem determined to turn the Thains into slaves. Giant creepers threaten to ruin the Thains' city and one winds itself round John . . .

A SEARING BLAST HITS THE CREEPER . . .
GREAT SHOOTING, GRANDFATHER!
JOHN—THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE SAFE! I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO CRUSH YOU!

THE HEAT GUN SAVED JOHN—BUT WE COULDN'T TACKLE ALL THESE CREEPERS! THEY'RE SPROUTING EVERYWHERE!
SOON OUR CITY WILL BE A HEAP OF RUBBLE! I FEAR WE MUST SURRENDER TO THE KLEPTONS!

FOR PETE'S SAKE DON'T GIVE IN, VALDA! THE THAINS MUSTN'T LET THE KLEPTONS ENSLAVE THEM!
JOHN'S RIGHT! IF YOU'RE DETERMINED TO FIGHT, WE'LL BEAT THOSE BUG-EYED MONSTERS!

IF ONLY WE COULD FIND OUT WHERE THE KLEPTONS ARE HIDING OUT! THEY MUST HAVE A SECRET HEADQUARTERS SOMEWHERE!

DON'T FORGET WE HAVE ONE OF THEIR FLYING MACHINES!

THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE! WE MUST REPAIR THIS DOME, GET THE MACHINE INTO THE AIR AND TRY TO FIND THE KLEPTON'S BASE!

BUT WHILE THEY ARE WORKING ON THE STRANGE MACHINE...

LOOK OUT! THE KLEPTONS ARE BACK! RUN FOR COVER!

NO, THERE'S ONLY ONE! I DON'T THINK HE'S COME TO FIGHT!

THE KLEPTON'S VOICE BOOMS OUT OVER THE STRICKEN CITY...

THAINS— I BRING A MESSAGE FROM MY LEADER! SURRENDER, OR WE WILL UTTERLY DESTROY YOUR CITY!

TELL YOUR LEADER THIS, KLEPTON—THE THAINS WILL NOT GIVE IN! WE SHALL FIGHT— AND WE SHALL WIN!

THAT'S THE SPIRIT, VALDA! YOU'LL GIVE 'EM SOMETHING TO WORRY ABOUT NOW!

HE'S OFF! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY COME FROM! I'LL FOLLOW HIM!

AND WE'RE COMING WITH YOU, GRANDFATHER!

THIS BUTTON SEEMS TO START IT! YES—WE'RE MOVING!

GRANDFATHER— THE CREEPERS ARE PULLING A BUILDING DOWN AND WE'RE RIGHT IN ITS PATH!

THE CONTROLS SEEM SLUGGISH —I CAN'T GET ANY HEIGHT!

NEVILLE MAIN

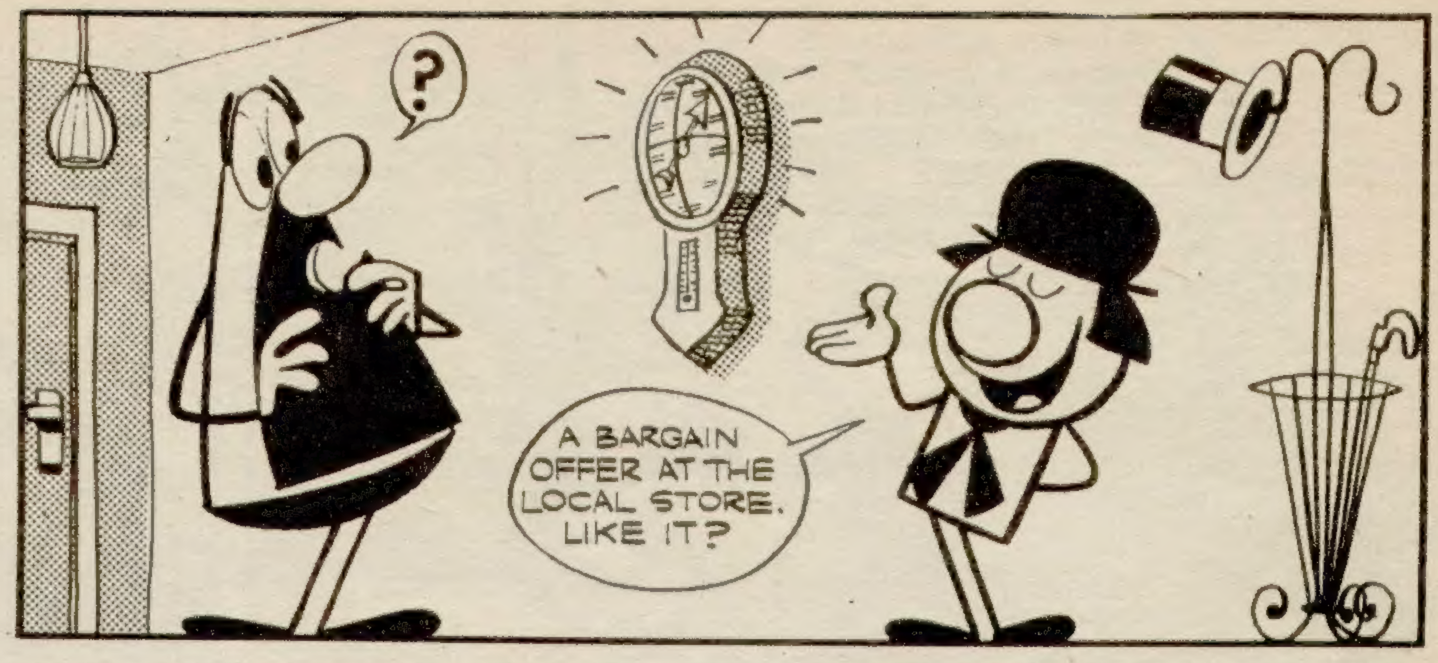
WE'RE STARTING TO RISE— BUT CAN WE MAKE IT IN TIME?

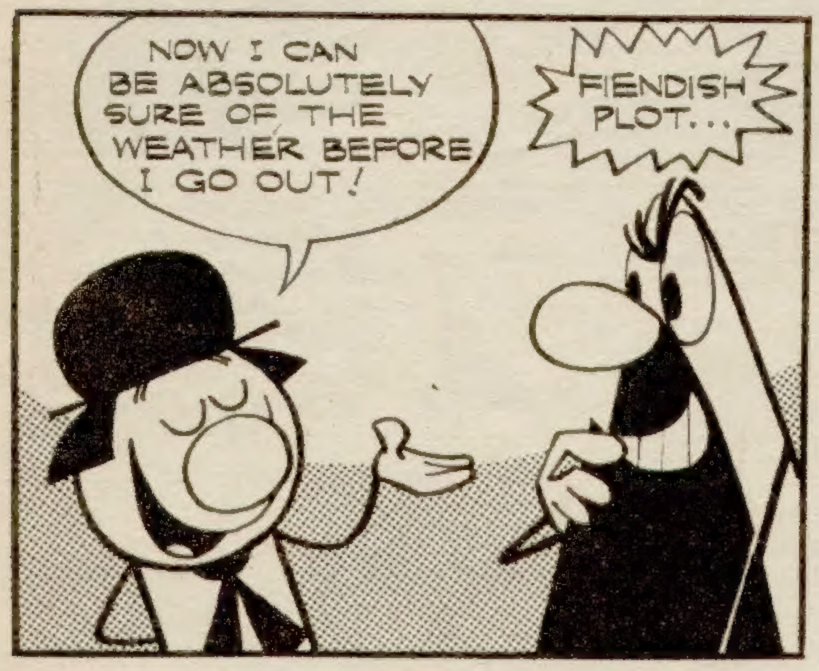
RUN FOR COVER! THE TIME TRAVELLERS ARE DOOMED!

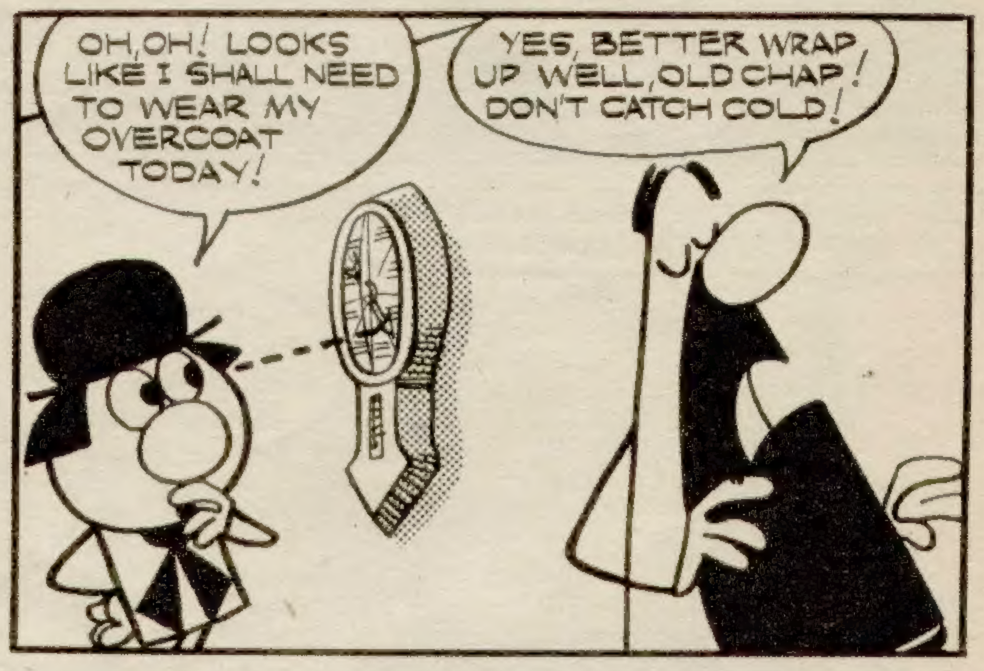
Will Doctor Who manage to escape the falling building?—don't miss next week's TV COMIC

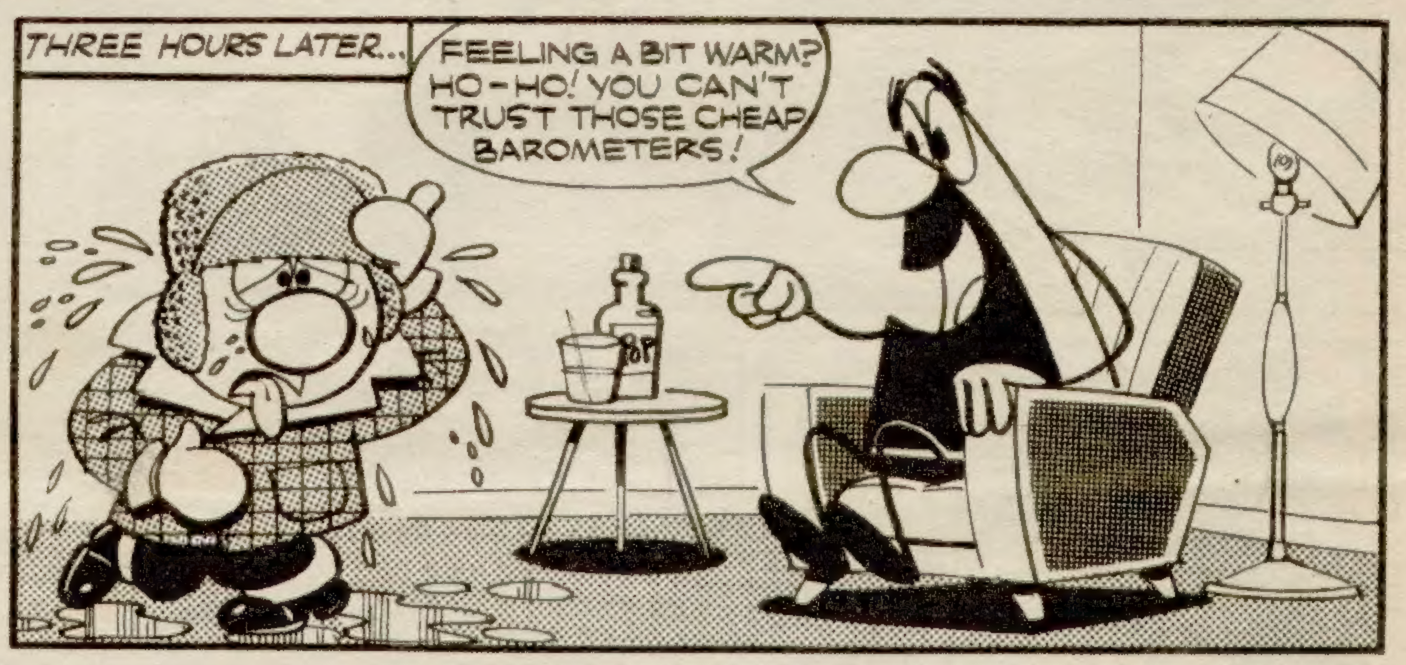
Foo Foo and GOGO

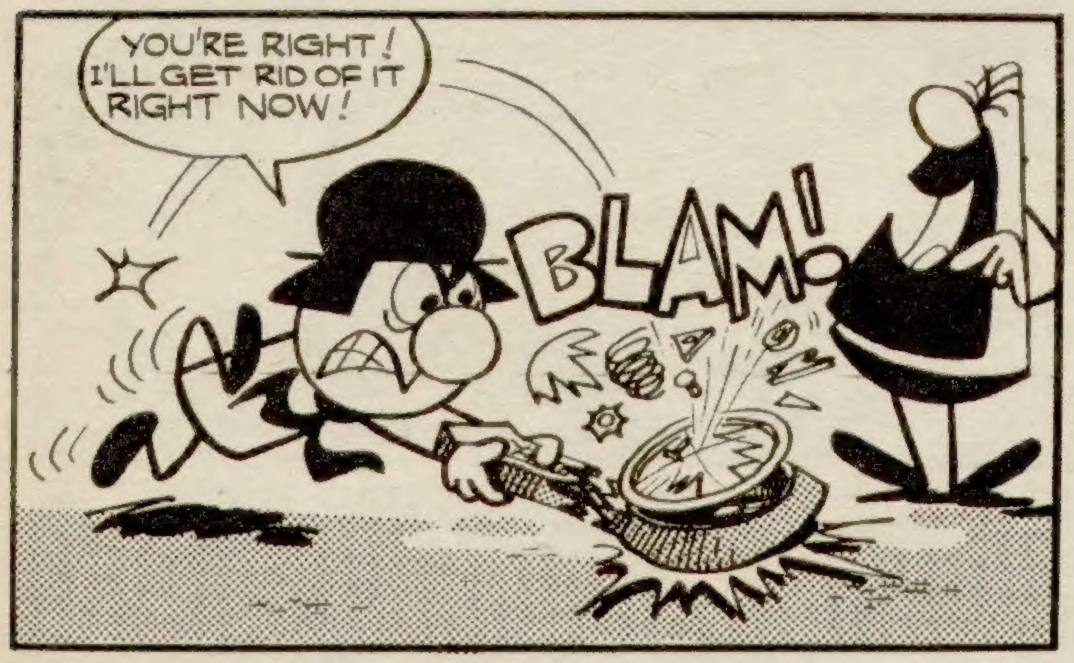
by Halas & Batchelor

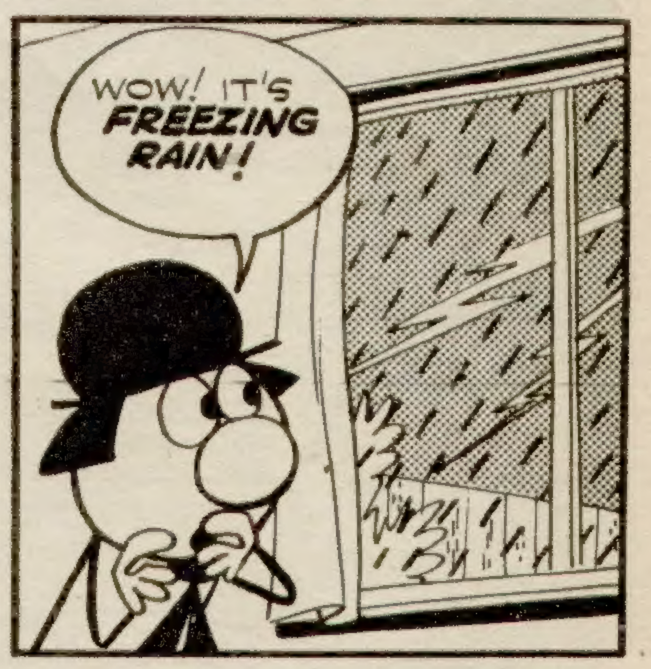


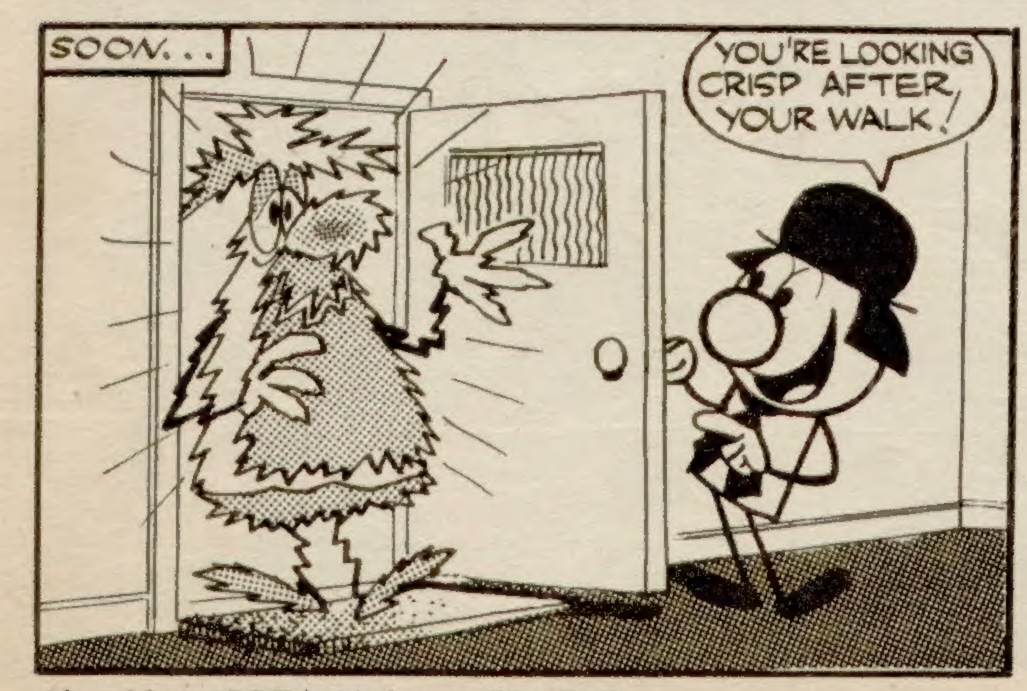








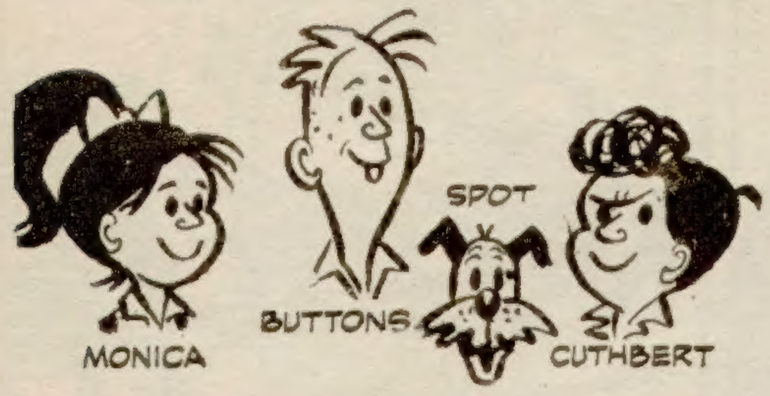


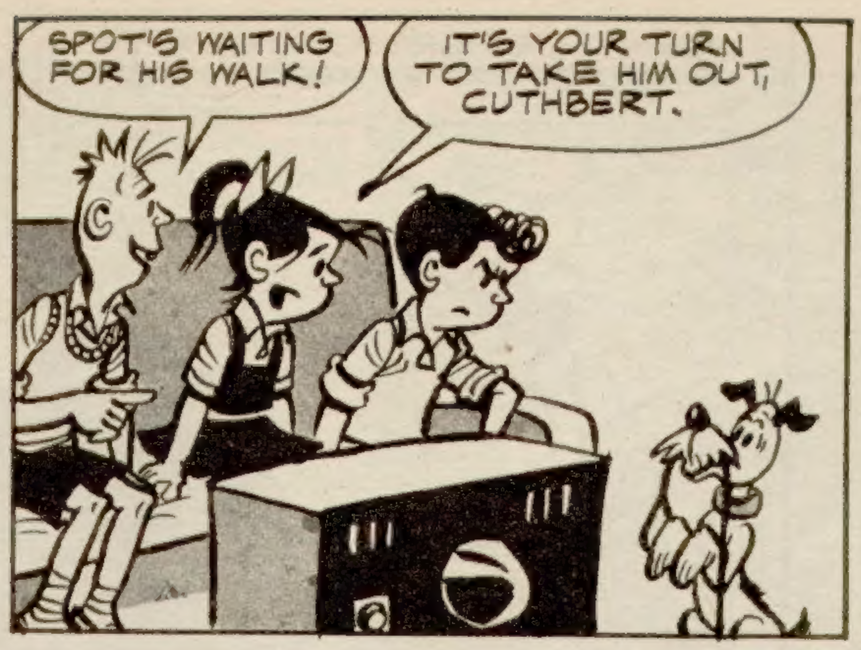


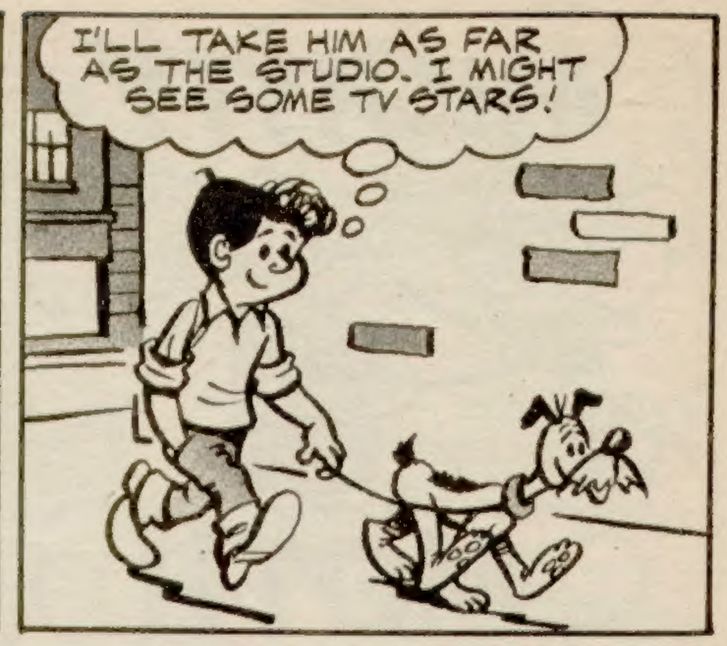
Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

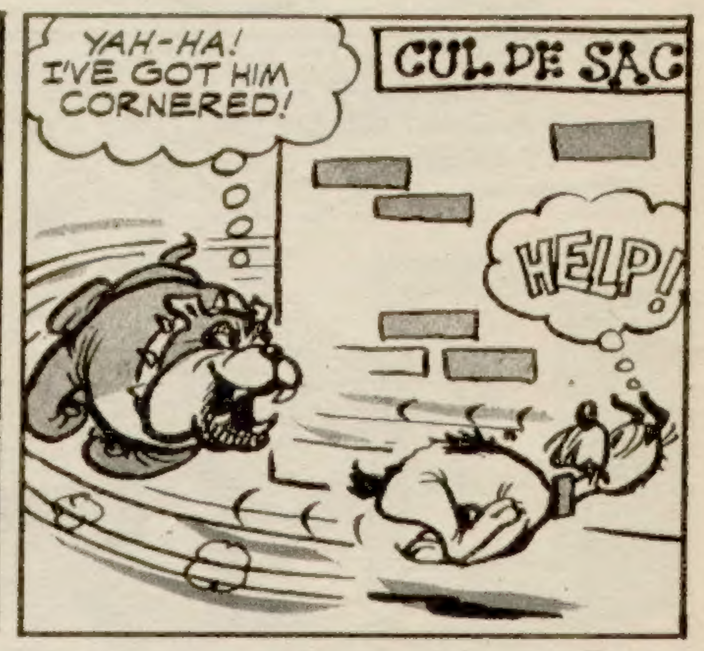
You'll DIG next week's Foo Foo!

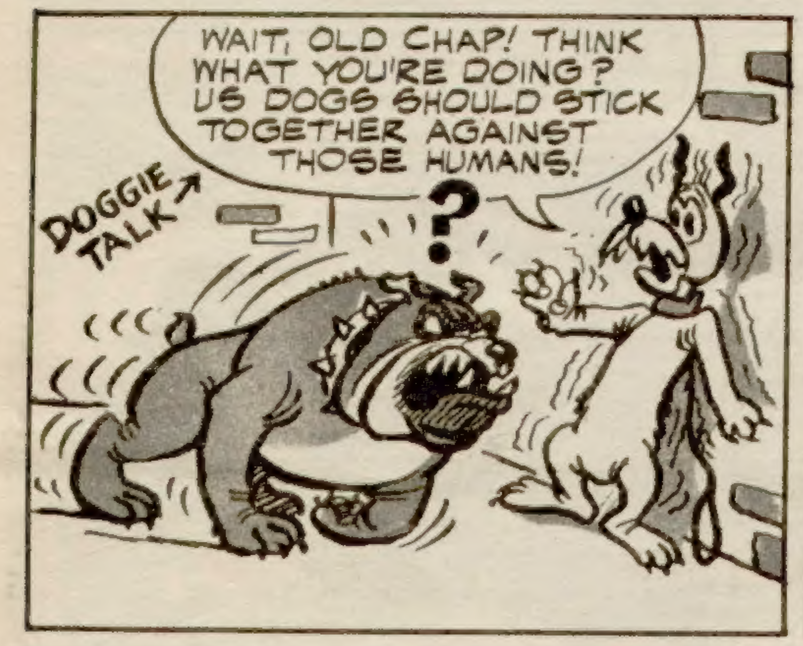
TV TERRORS

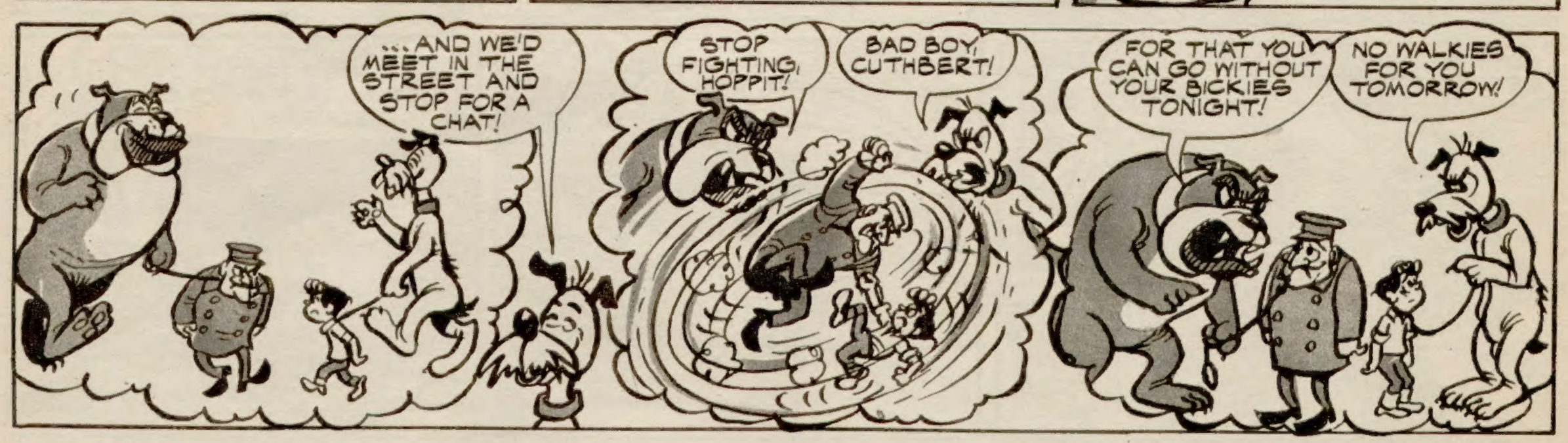


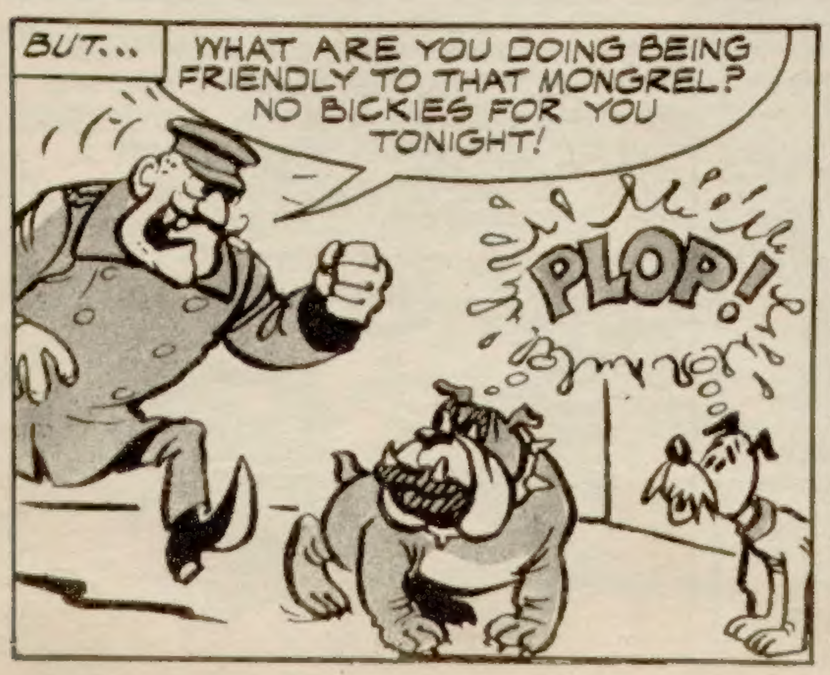






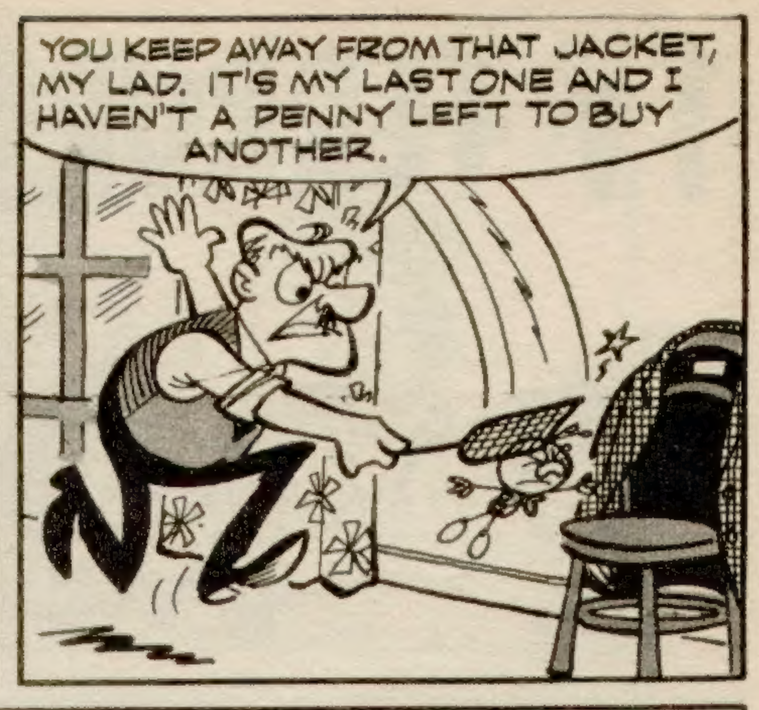


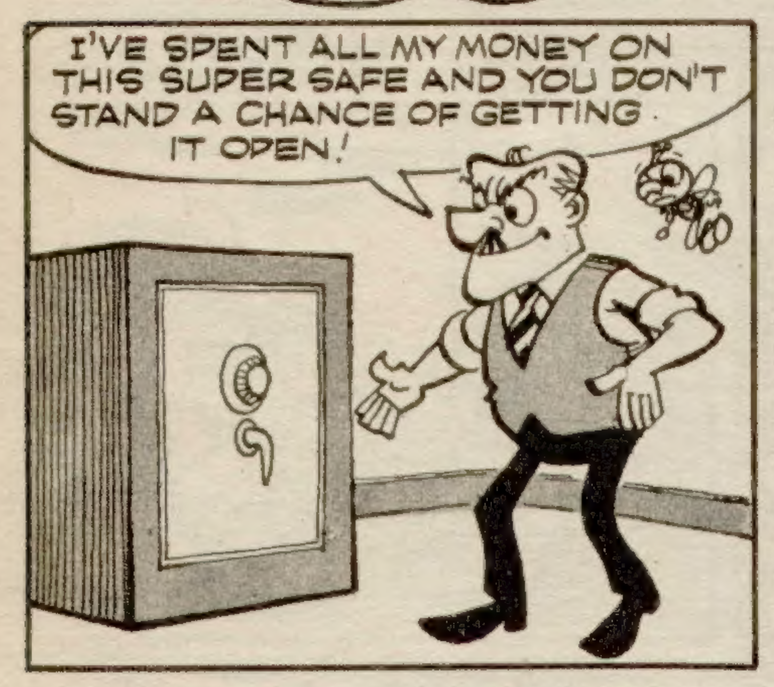

...AND WE'D MEET IN THE STREET AND STOP FOR A CHAT!
STOP FIGHTING, HOPPIT!
BAD BOY, CUTHBERT!
FOR THAT YOU CAN GO WITHOUT YOUR BICKIES TONIGHT!
NO WALKIES FOR YOU TOMORROW!

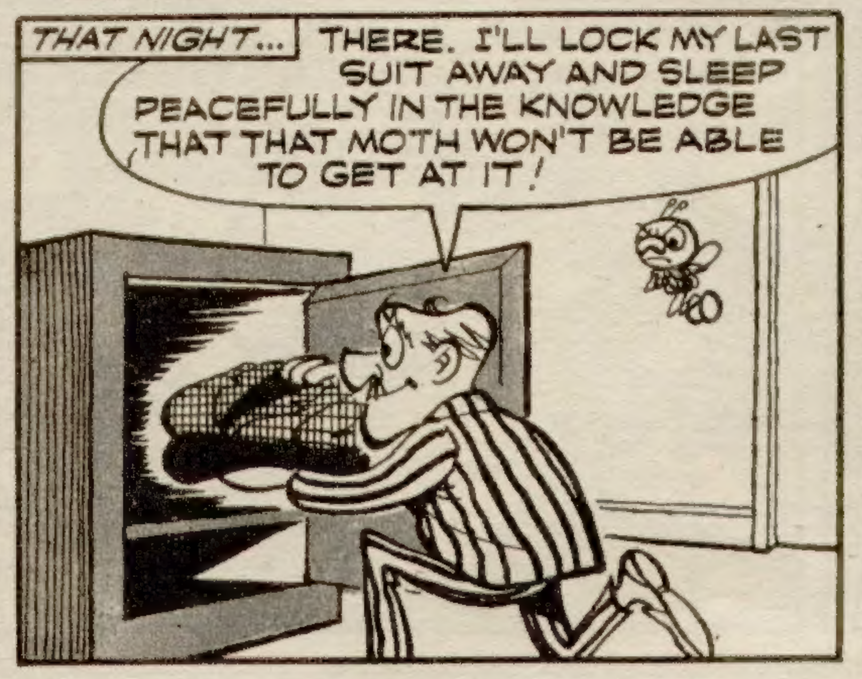


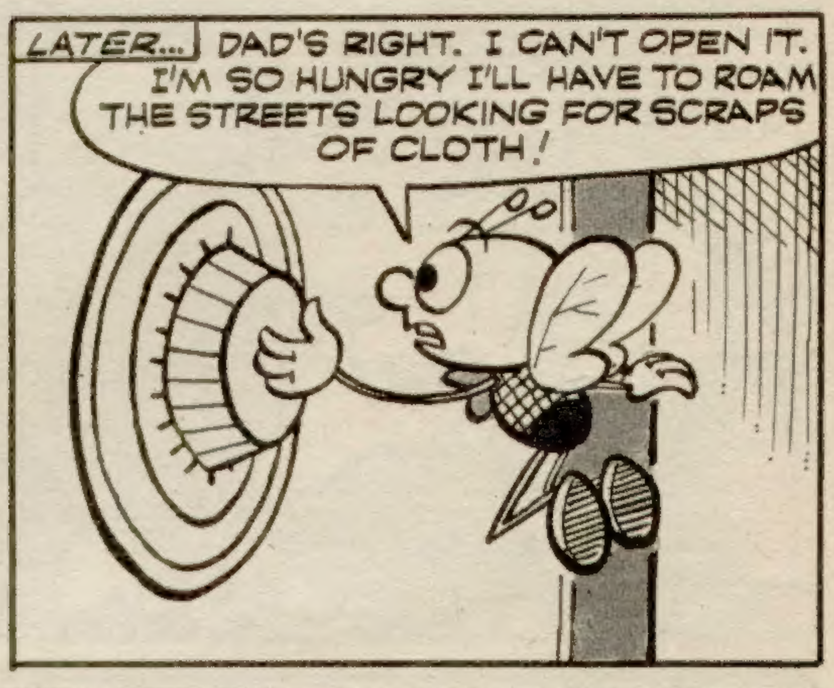
Next week, the Terrors lend a hand to an old hand!

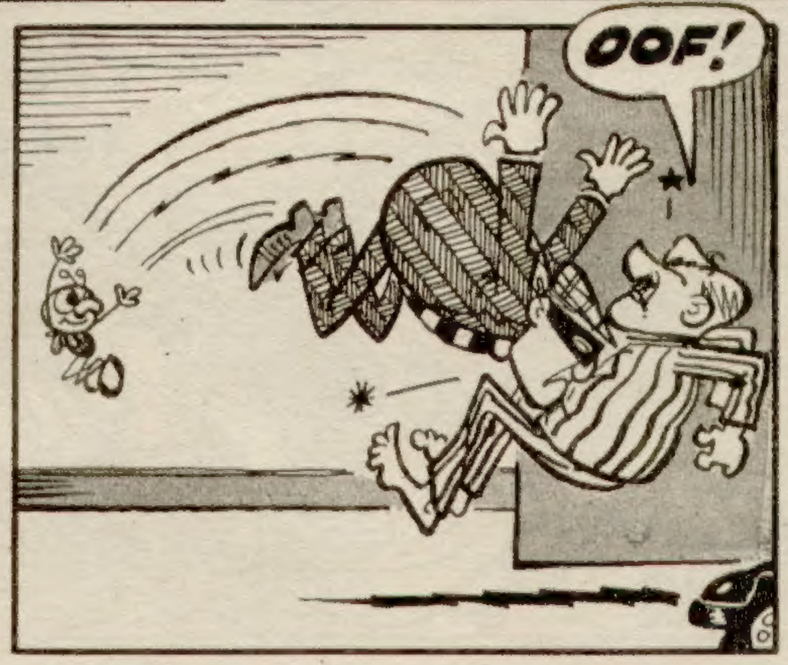
MIGHTY MOTH

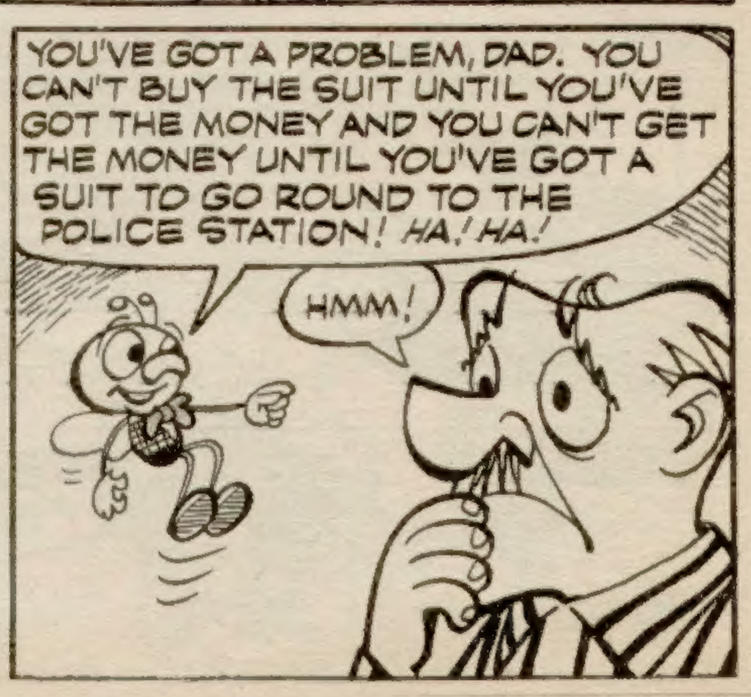











YOU'VE GOT A PROBLEM, DAD. YOU CAN'T BUY THE SUIT UNTIL YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY AND YOU CAN'T GET THE MONEY UNTIL YOU'VE GOT A SUIT TO GO ROUND TO THE POLICE STATION! HA! HA!
HMM!

Dad's the toast of the town next week!

THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY

WHY DON'T YOU GET IN THIS ADVERTISING LARK, DICKIE? THIS CHAP MUST BE MAKING A FORTUNE!
NOW DON'T YOU START, JACK!
THEY'RE RIGHT! WHY SHOULDN'T THE FOLKS SEE MORE OF MY HANDSOME FEATURES? MY BANK MANAGER WOULD LOVE IT!
I'LL TALK TO MY AGENT RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID! I DEMAND THE VERY NEXT ADVERTISING JOB ON YOUR BOOKS!
WELL, IF YOU INSIST, MR. HENDERSON!
LATER...
WELL, HOW ABOUT THAT! I'M BOOKED TO OPEN MR. FINN'S PISCATORIAL EMPORIUM, TOMORROW!
COO! WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?
NEXT DAY...
'BYE, DEAR. SEE YOU AT THE OPENING!
I'LL BE WEARING MY FUR COAT FOR SUCH A GREAT OCCASION!
AND RICHARD'S EVEN WASHING BEHIND HIS EARS!
WHAT A CROWD!

GANGWAY FOR THE STAR'S FAMILY, FOLKS!
OH, NO!
NOW I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS... FINN'S FISH AND CHIP SHOP!
MR FINN'S PISCATORIAL EMPORIUM
FINN'S FISH + CHIPS
FRYING TONITE

Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

Dickie hits the high spots next week

CAPTAIN DART and his crew have trapped a gang of robbers in some caves on a strange planet. To save lives, Barry wants to put the robbers out of action before the Space Army arrives, which at that very moment is being dispatched from Earth.

THAT'S THE LAST... STAND BY FOR TAKE OFF!

SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH

MEANWHILE...

WHAT'S THIS IDEA OF YOURS, CAPTAIN DART?

WE'LL SEAL THE CROOKS IN THEIR CAVES WITH PLASTAFOAM! WE HAVE SLIM'S GUN!

BUT, CAPTAIN, YOU CAN'T CROSS THAT SPACE TO THE CAVES, NOT WITH THE LASER GUN GOING LIKE THAT! YOU'LL BURN TO A CINDER!

AH! BUT WHAT IF WE STRIKE FROM ABOVE?

GATHER SOME HUSKY AND FO ME. STAY H SLIM!

WELL, THEY'RE OVER THE CAVE. LET'S HOPE THE CAPTAIN'S IDEA WORKS!

RIGHT, HUSKY, LOWER AWAY!

HALLO, SOMEONE'S ABOVE...

LARRY! BELOW!

SO IT'S...

AAAGH!

WORKING RAPIDLY FROM ABOVE, CAPTAIN DART QUICKLY SEALS OFF THE CAVES WITH PLASTAFOAM...

THAT'LL HOLD THEM UNTIL THE ARMY ARRIVES, AND MELTS THE FOAM, CAPTAIN!

LISTEN... THE ARMY'S LANDED... I CAN HEAR TANKS...

WHERE ARE THESE CROOKS, BUDDY?

UP THERE, IN THOSE SEALED CAVES, AND THEY'RE ALL YOURS! WE'RE OFF HOME!

AND SO...

I WONDER WHAT JOB COLONEL RAEBURN'S GOT LINED UP FOR US WHEN WE GET HOME?

© WONDERAMA PRODUCTIONS LTD., 1964

The thrills are thick and fast in next week's NEW Space Pa

SPACE PATROL

by ROBERTA LEIGH

and his crew have
of robbers in some
planet. To save
put the robbers
the Space Army
hat very moment
ned from Earth.

MEANWHILE...

WHAT'S THIS IDEA OF YOURS, CAPTAIN DART?

WE'LL SEAL THE CROOKS IN THEIR CAVES WITH PLASTAFOAM! WE HAVE SLIM'S GUN!

BUT, CAPTAIN, YOU CAN'T CROSS THAT SPACE TO THE CAVES, NOT WITH THE LASER GUN GOING LIKE THAT! YOU'LL BURN TO A CINDER!

AH! BUT WHAT IF WE STRIKE FROM ABOVE?

GATHER SOME VINES, HUSKY, AND FOLLOW ME. STAY HERE, SLIM!

L, THEY'RE OVER
CAVE. LET'S
THE CAPTAIN'S
EA WORKS!

RRY!
OW!

SO IT'S...

AAAGH!

WORKING RAPIDLY FROM ABOVE, CAPTAIN DART QUICKLY SEALS OFF THE CAVES WITH PLASTAFOAM...

THAT'LL HOLD THEM UNTIL THE ARMY ARRIVES, AND MELTS THE FOAM, CAPTAIN!

LISTEN... THE ARMY'S LANDED... I CAN HEAR TANKS...

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AND SO...

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MEVIN

CTIONS LTD., 1964

The thrills are thick and fast in next week's NEW Space Patrol story

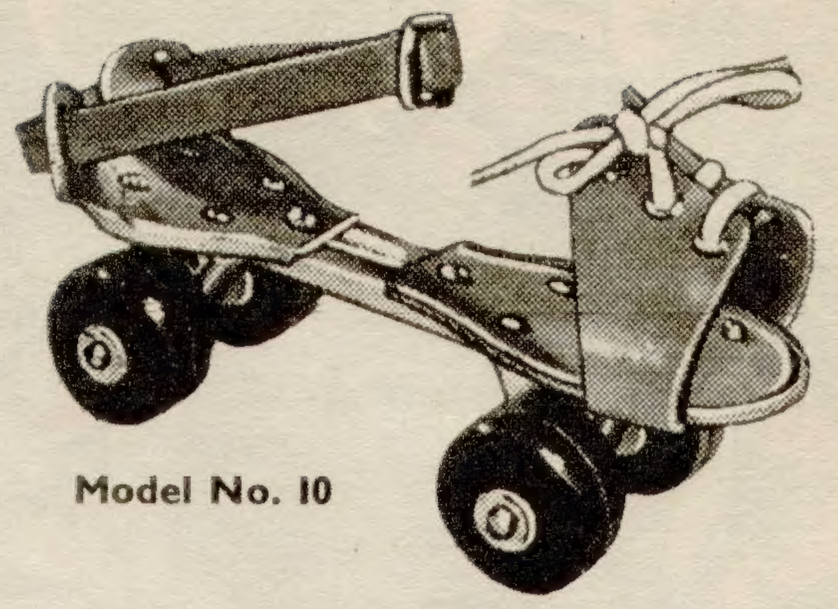
Ladeez'n Gentlemen...

PRESENTING THE FAMOUS

DAVIES

RANGE

THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR SKATES



Model No. 10

There is a Davies skate to suit all ages, priced from 18/11. See them at your toy or sports shop. Here are just a few examples from our wide range.

Model No. 1A Special. Adjustable 8in. to 11in. Chromium plated, fitted with toe brakes	38/6
Model No. 8. A Junior model suitable as a first roller skate. Shoe sizes 8-13	18/11
Model No. 12. Adjustable 8in. to 11in. Extra wide double ball bearing rubber composition wheels	32/6
Junior Rocket. Suitable for children and beginners up to shoe size 1 ..	23/9

DAVIES STEEL SPECIALITIES LTD., PEMBROKE DOCK, S. WALES

"THE BEST BADGE I'VE GOT!"

"This is my Blue Bird badge. It means I belong to the League of Pity. I sent off 2/6d., and got this badge, and the League magazine, and a Blue Egg Saving Box—to save as much money as I can for boys and girls who aren't as happy as me! Why don't *you* join, too?"

To N.S.P.C.C. 1 RIDING HOUSE STREET, LONDON, W.1

Please enrol me as a member. I enclose 2/6d. postal order.

Name .....

Address .....

..... T.V.C.

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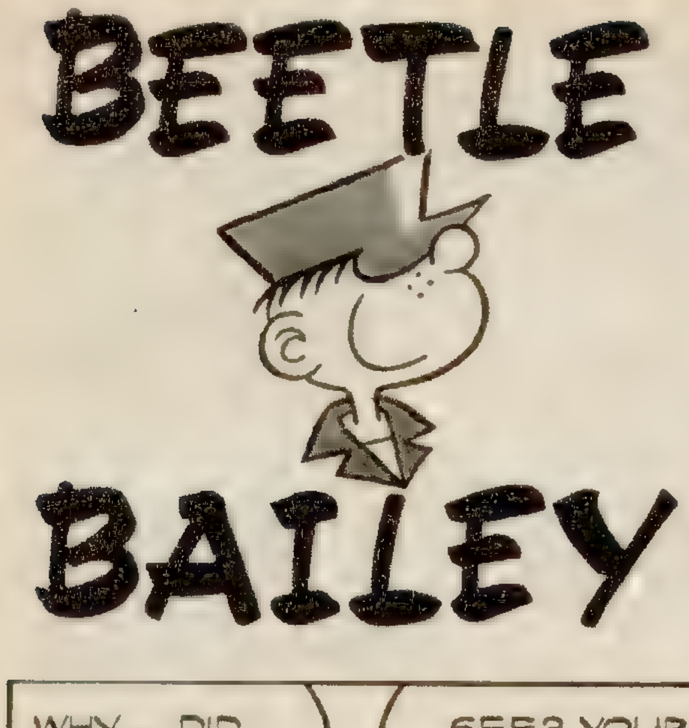
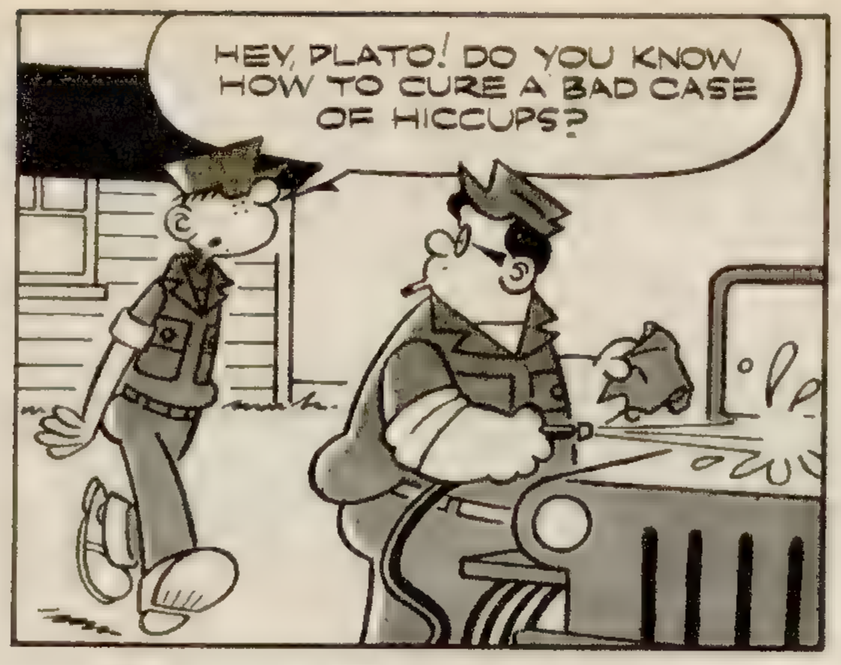
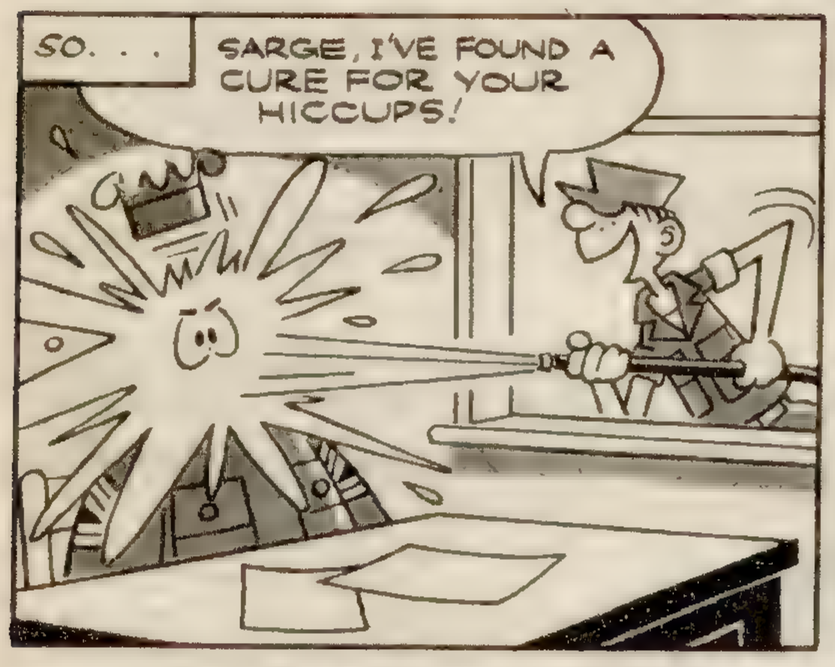
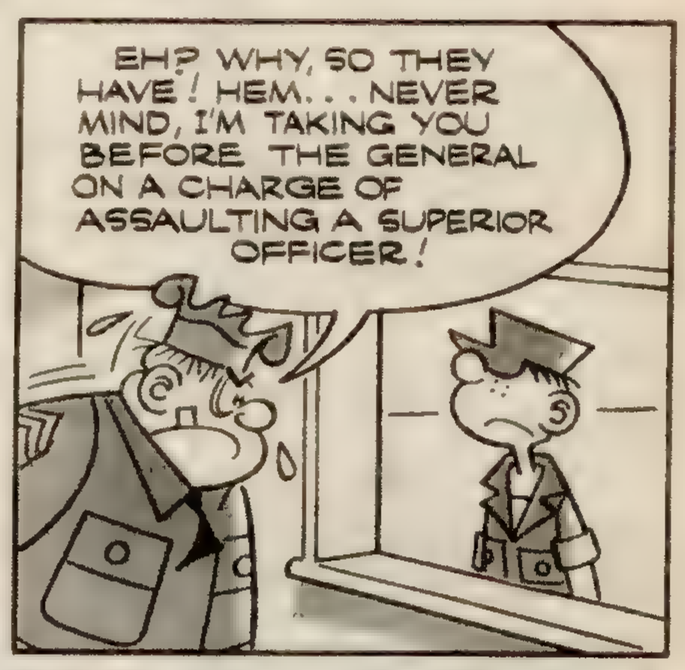
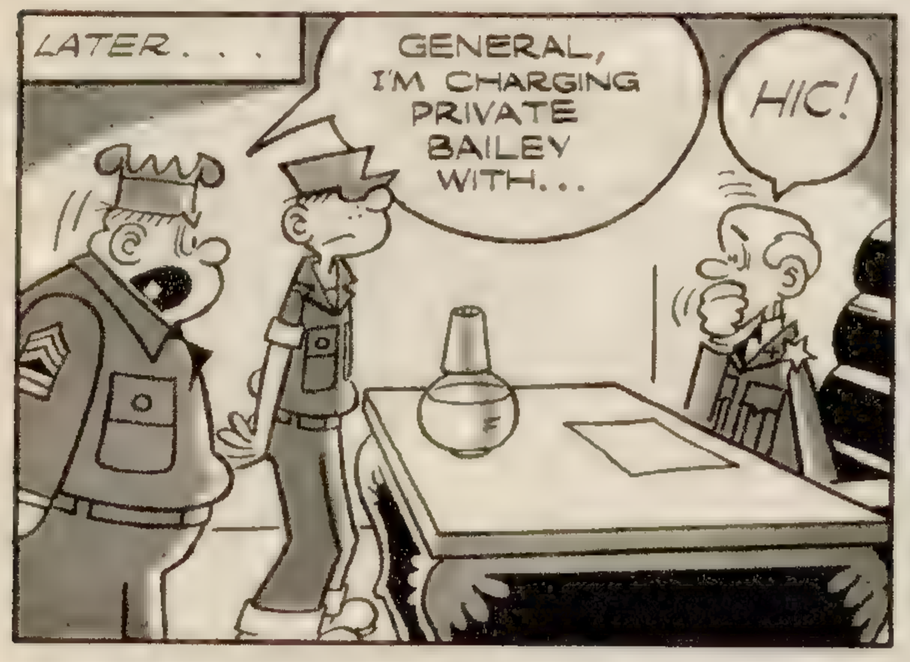
BEETLE BAILEY

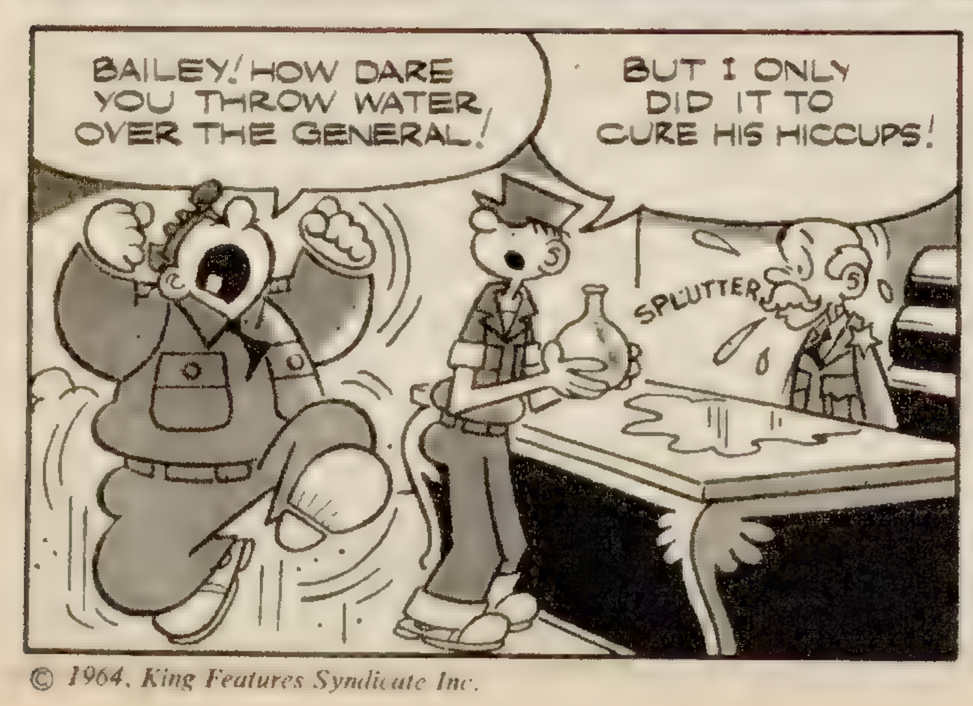


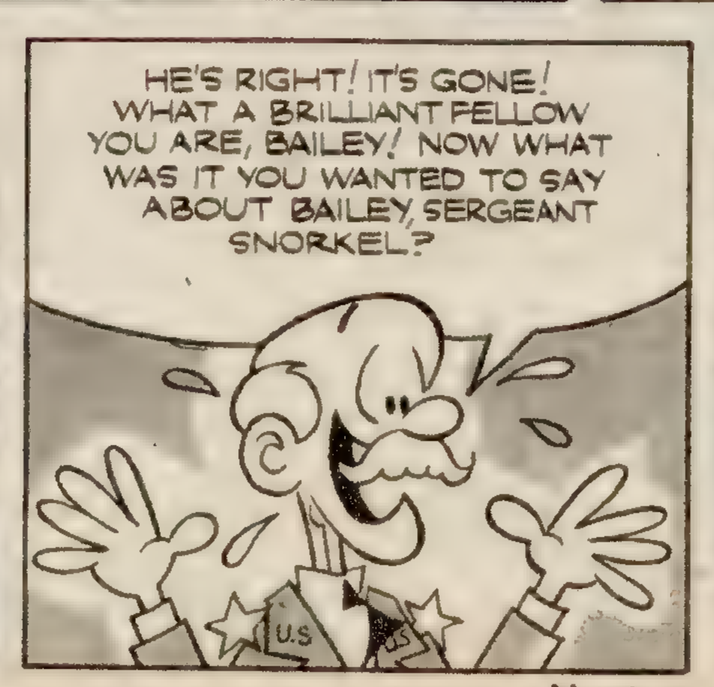












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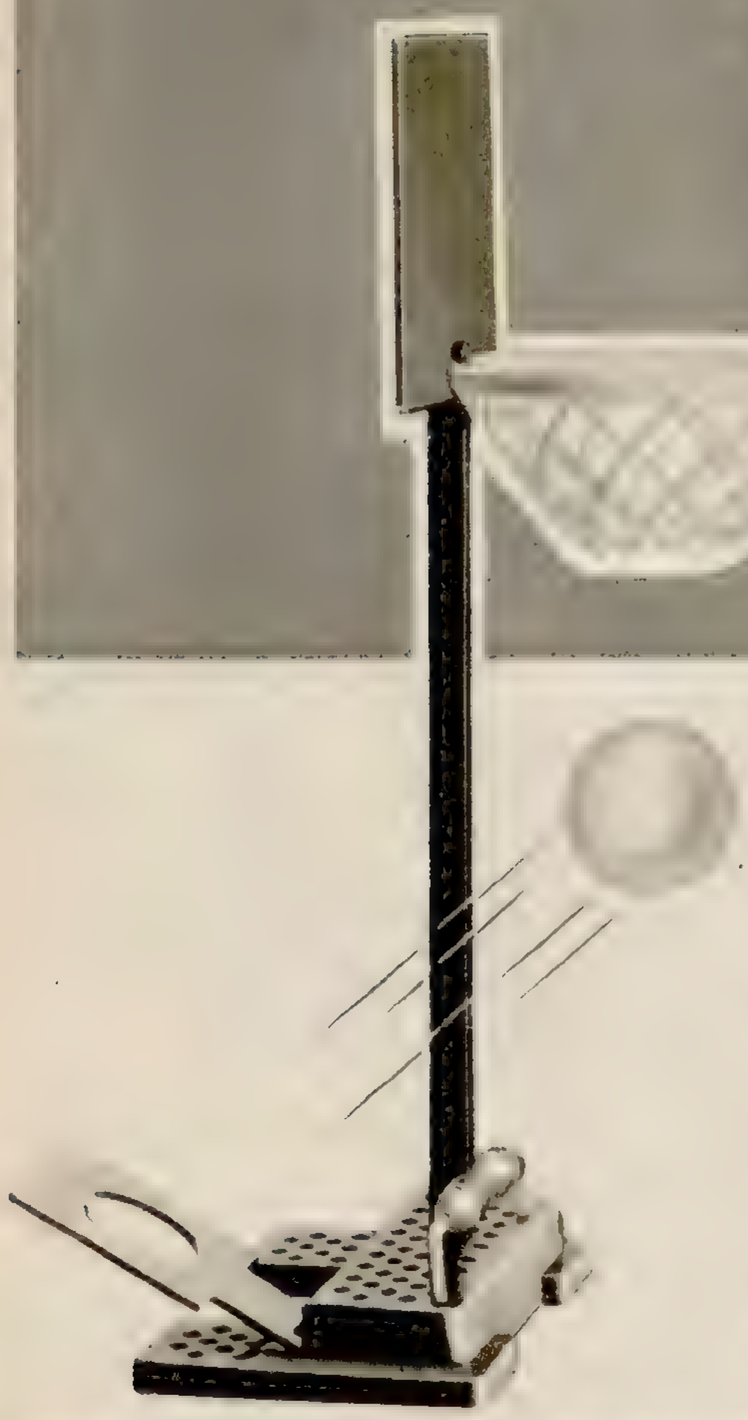
Next week's Beetle Bailey goes with a bang!

WEETABIX table-top BASKETBALL

Just in time for Christmas!



All the thrills of a real game of basketball. Anybody can play it, anywhere—just two of you, or any number a side. WEETABIX provide the complete game kit—which includes 2 baskets, each with backboard, upright and base, ball launcher, 2 sturdy plastic balls, score indicator.

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET ONE IS:

Send the Special Offer Token you will find on every Weetabix pack with your full name and address (Block letters please) and a postal order for 4/9 to:

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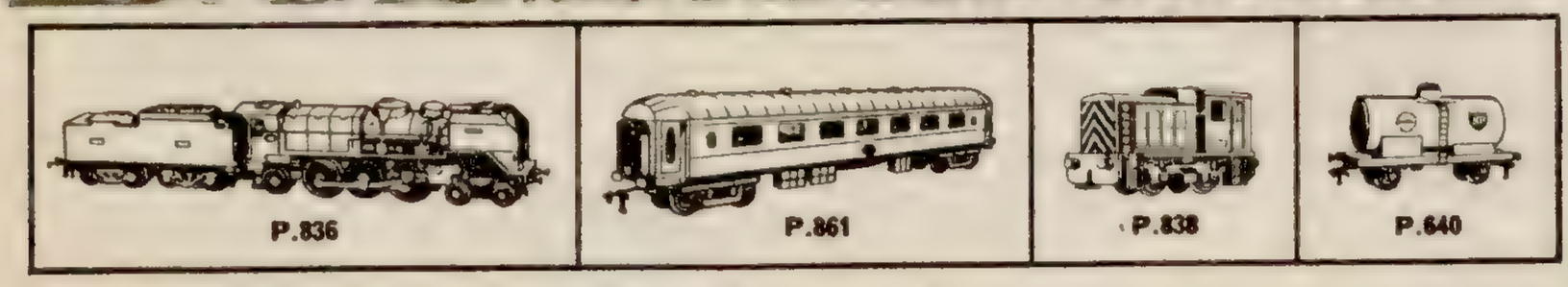
WITH

PLAYCRAFT RAILWAYS

Think big! Build big! Because you really can afford to with Playcraft Railways. Your only major outlay is buying your first Playcraft Train Set. But Playcraft prices start as low as 16/11d. and you have 12 excellent sets to choose from. All the additions you make after from a host of rolling stock, locos, rails, points and trackside accessories *will cost you less than any other make!* Yet they are all strong, made with watch-like precision throughout and splendidly realistic replicas of British and Continental equipment in 00/HO gauge scale. See them all at your Playcraft Railways shop.

Splendidly realistic, strongly made—yet every piece is so reasonably priced!



P.836 | P.861 | P.838 | P.640

Here are just a few examples from the Playcraft Railways range :
P.836 *S.N.C.F. Pacific Loco with Tender (6 Wheel Drive) 72/-*
P.861 *1st Class Pullman Car 12/-*
P.838 *0-4-0 Diesel Shunter 18/6*
P.640 *Tank Wagon 4/6*

THE ONLY TRAINS WORTH CATCHING

Playcraft RAILWAYS

DR. NOLAN'S TeleVarsity

THE LAST BUS

IT was the last day of term at Dr. Nolan's TeleVarsity. Snowballs were flying, boys were shouting, and Dr. Nolan was nearly out of his mind.

It was all the fault of a heavy snowfall during the night.

Nobody had expected such a white Christmas. But, now that it had come they were making the most of it. Even the school buses were covered with snow.

In one corner of the grounds Bodger and Boodle had built a snowman. Boodle was so thrilled with it he wanted to take a photograph.

"Wait till I get my camera, Bodge," he yelled.

Away went Boodle, rushing back into TeleVarsity, and there was a sound like that of a tyre going 'phut' from Dr. Nolan. In his excitement, Boodle had butted the Headmaster right in the middle.

"Wretched boy!" Dr. Nolan gasped. "Why are you still here?"

"I'm on the last bus, sir," said Boodle.

"Please be more careful, Boodle," he groaned.

Boodle rushed away to get his camera while Dr. Nolan staggered on to see the next bus off. Like a good skipper, Dr. Nolan was seeing everybody off the premises before he left himself.

The next bus went off to the sound of cheers.

"Only three more," sighed Dr. Nolan. "Then I shall have a little bit of peace."

Boodle came tearing back with his camera. It seemed a good idea to Bodger and Co. to line up beside the snowman and have their pictures taken as well. This they did, and by the time Boodle had found out how to work his camera, which was new to him, the next bus had gone to the sound of tremendous cheers.

Snow was still falling, and the last bus but one came into the grounds absolutely covered with it.

"I hope we're going to be lucky," said the driver. "There are some big drifts down in the valley."

"Is that so?" gasped Dr. Nolan. "I hope the last bus will be able to get there."

Time was passing and, as he waited for the last vehicle, Dr. Nolan gazed anxiously at his watch. It was a great relief to him when he saw a snow-clad vehicle crawling in at the gates.

The boys made a gleeful rush for the last bus. Tom Ranger, Butch the American, Digger Cobley the Australian, Bodger, Boodle and a number of others were all there. They crowded on board, singing songs and throwing snowballs, but the driver did not seem pleased to see them.

"You chaps will have to sit quiet," he growled. "It'll be dark soon, and I've got to find my way in this blizzard."

Dr. Nolan came hurrying out with two bags. He had been having a last look round to make sure everything was in order. TeleVarsity was closed for the Christmas holidays, and the only thing that worried him was that the bus was late.

"We must make good time, driver," he said. "All these boys have trains to catch."

The driver only grunted. Letting in his clutch, he drove slowly down to the glass gates, which opened as usual at his approach. Then, to a final cheer from the boys, the gates closed behind them, and they were really off for Christmas.

Tom Ranger and his pals chuckled. Transistors were blaring, and everybody was talking as the bus lurched out on the country road.

Darkness was falling as it headed into the country. The boys went on chattering, but the driver was staring grimly ahead. He could hardly see the road in the whirling snowflakes. Presently, as they came to a fork, he pulled up for a moment, then rumbled on as he managed to pick out a signpost.

"Are you sure we're going in the right direction?" asked Dr. Nolan.

"I'm as sure as I'm sure of anything," grunted the driver. "I think this is the way I came."

The driver was doing his best. The bus thundered on, then presently started to dip down into a valley. Darkness was almost complete now.

It was a shock to everybody when the light was blotted out completely. It was just as though they had run into a tunnel. The bus lurched and came to a standstill, then the driver switched on the lights inside.

"Crumbs!" exclaimed Bodger, staring at the windows. "We're in a snowdrift."

There was no doubt about that; it was deep snow that had blanketed the last of the daylight, piling up round the windows until the bus was almost buried in it.

"Driver!" Dr. Nolan gasped. "You must have taken the wrong road."

"Not surprising, this weather," the driver growled. "I'll have to back up."

He worked his gear lever, going into reverse. Then he trod on the accelerator. The engine roared and the bus trembled, but the wheels were whirring ineffectively in the deep snow.

The driver tried it several times. Then he switched off his engine and stared at Dr. Nolan.

"I'm afraid we're stuck, sir."

"Oh, dear! This is most unfortunate. I shall have to go for help."

"You stay where you are, sir. It's up to me to get us out."

Pushing hard against the door, the driver managed to get out of the vehicle. But, as he did so, he was almost covered in a fall of snow. The bus had gone so deep the snow was over his head.

"Coo!" said Boodle. "He looks just like our snowman."

Nobody as yet had realized the seriousness of their position. With snow still falling, it was unlikely that anyone would be able to get to them, and in that deep drift they could do very little to help themselves.

"Who's dreaming of a white Christmas?" Bodger chuckled.

"Bodger, this is not funny," Dr. Nolan snapped. "Close that door or we shall freeze."

It was certainly getting colder. The coach had an electric heater, but this would not last long without the engine to top up the batteries. When he had got the snow off himself, the driver tried to start the engine for this purpose. But something seemed to have gone wrong somewhere.

"I'm afraid we're here for the night, sir," he said.

Dr. Nolan was horrified. The boys were all crowding round him, and he urged them to go back to their seats.

"But for how long, sir?" asked Tom Ranger. "My train goes in about twenty minutes."

"Then it'll have to go without you, mate," growled the driver, his teeth chattering. "You won't get out of here unless you walk."

"Ranger, I forbid anyone to leave." Dr. Nolan spoke grimly. "It would be far too dangerous. While we are inside the coach, at least we have shelter from the blizzard."

Tom blinked at his companions. What Dr. Nolan said was quite true. Outside, a blizzard was now raging. But how long would it last? Could they possibly get home in time for Christmas . . . ?

WHAT IS THE ANSWER? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S TV COMIC

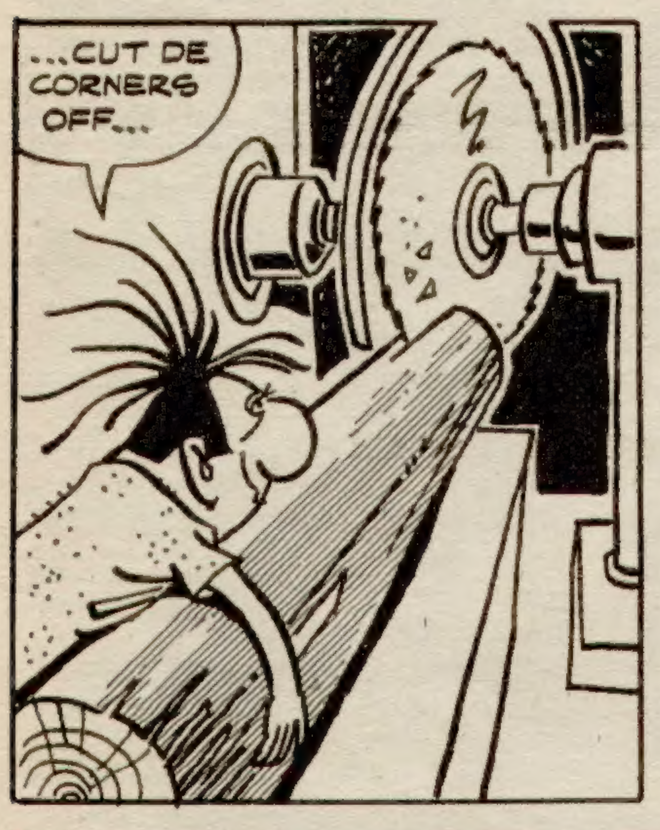
THE TELEGOONS

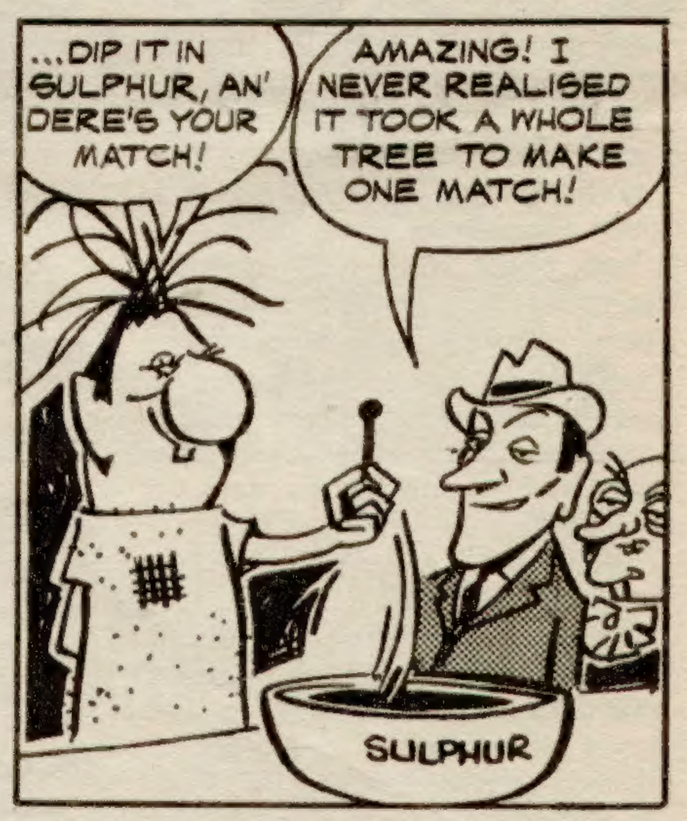
IN

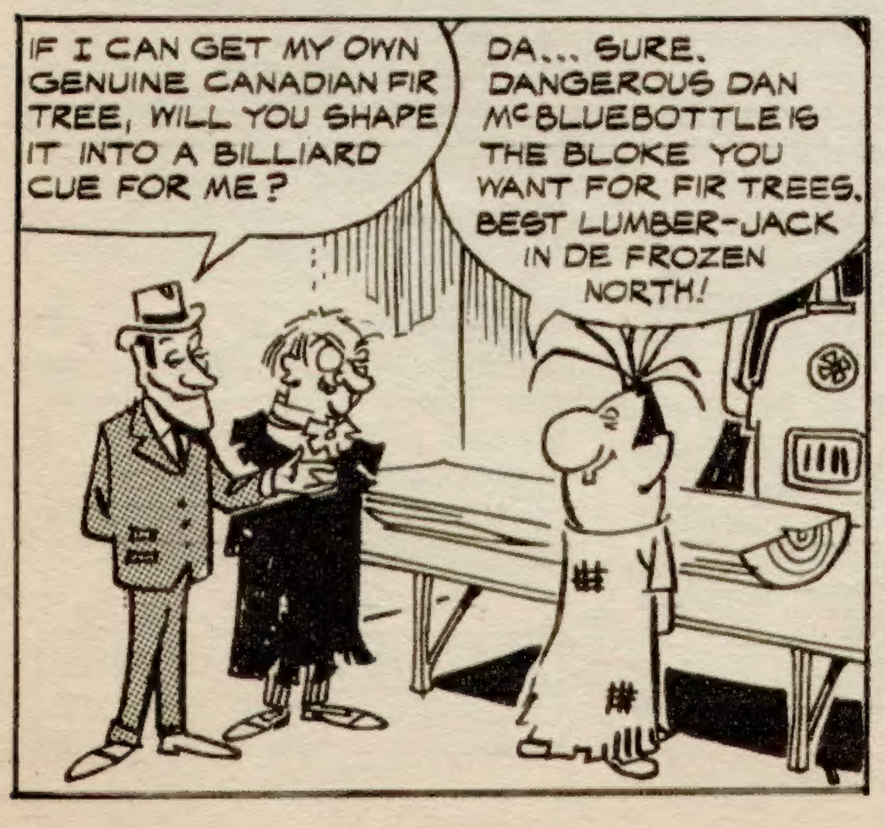
A TREEMENDOUS STORY

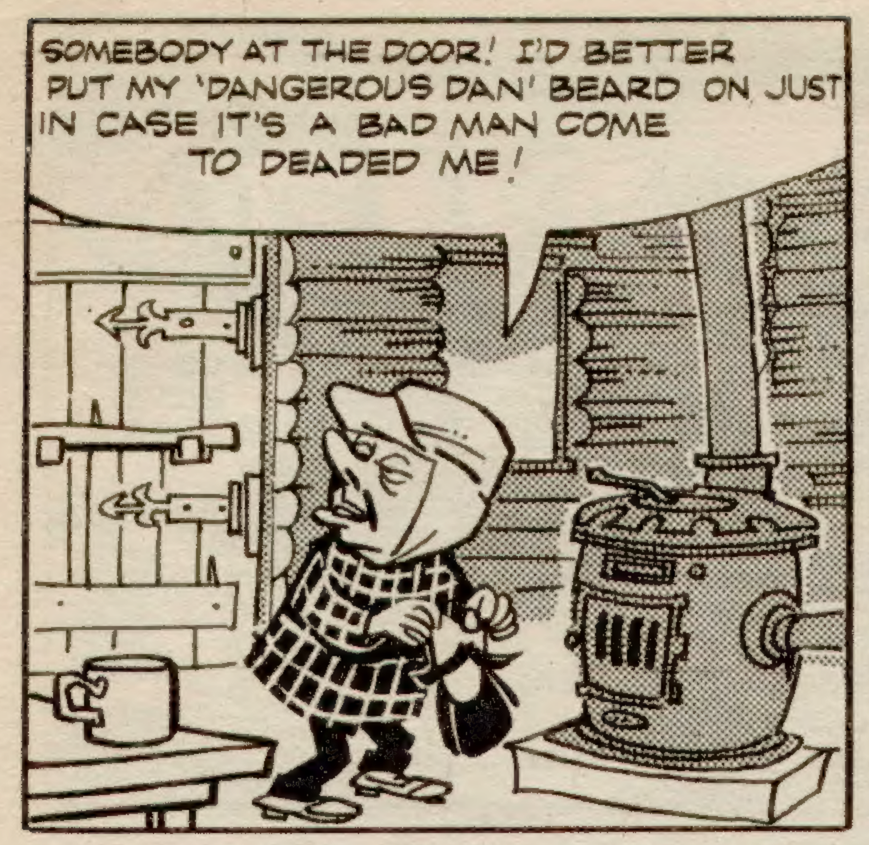
SEAGOON THE WINNER!
CURSES, MORIARTY! IF HE WINS NEXT WEEK'S MATCH HE'LL HAVE WON THE GOONSHIRE BILLIARDS CHAMPIONSHIP AND THE PRIZE OF £5,000!

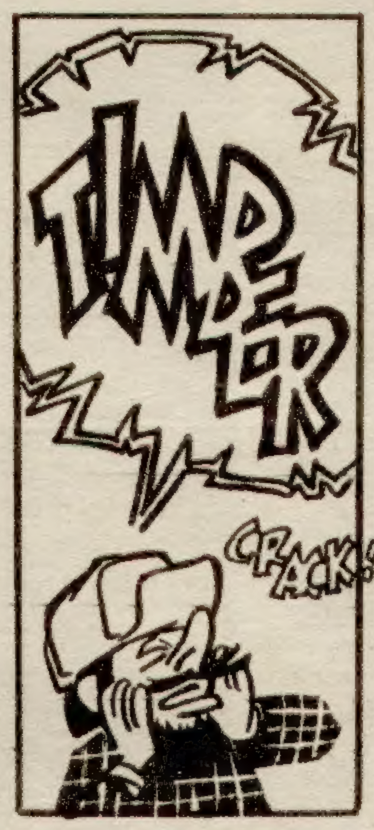
I'M AS GOOD A PLAYER AS HE IS, BUT HE'S GOT A BETTER BILLIARD CUE THAN ME! THEY SAY IT'S MADE FROM THE FINEST CANADIAN FIR TREE!
LET'S GO TO THE FAMOUS ECCLES MATCH FACTORY, AND BUY A FIR TREE!

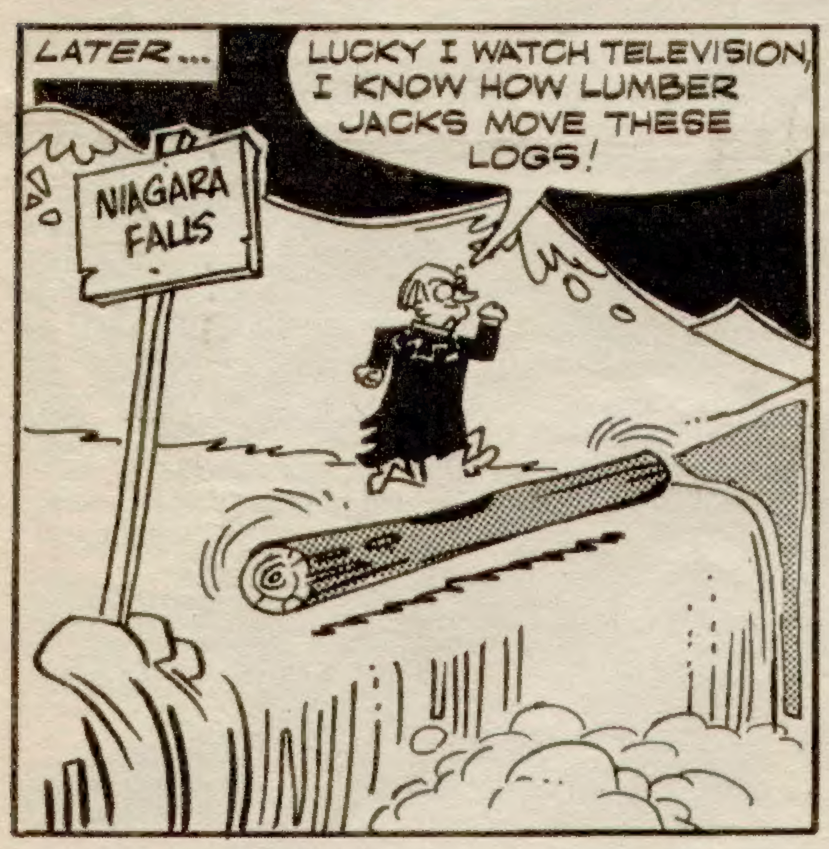


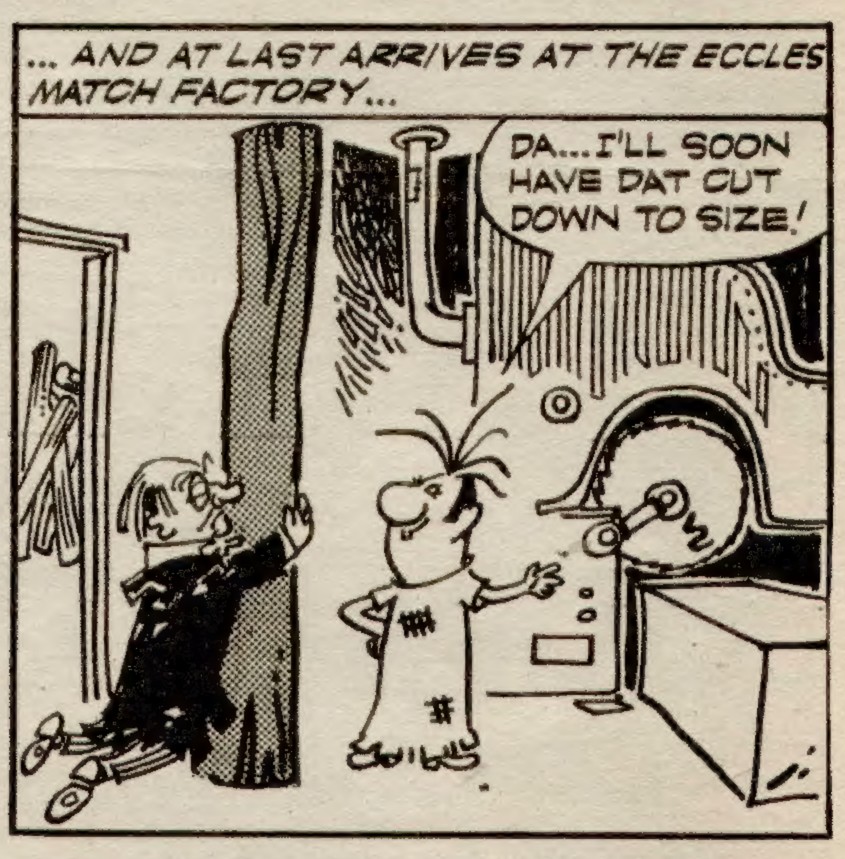



IF I CAN GET MY OWN GENUINE CANADIAN FIR TREE, WILL YOU SHAPE IT INTO A BILLIARD CUE FOR ME?
DA... SURE. DANGEROUS DAN Mc BLUEBOTTLE IS THE BLOKE YOU WANT FOR FIR TREES. BEST LUMBER-JACK IN DE FROZEN NORTH!





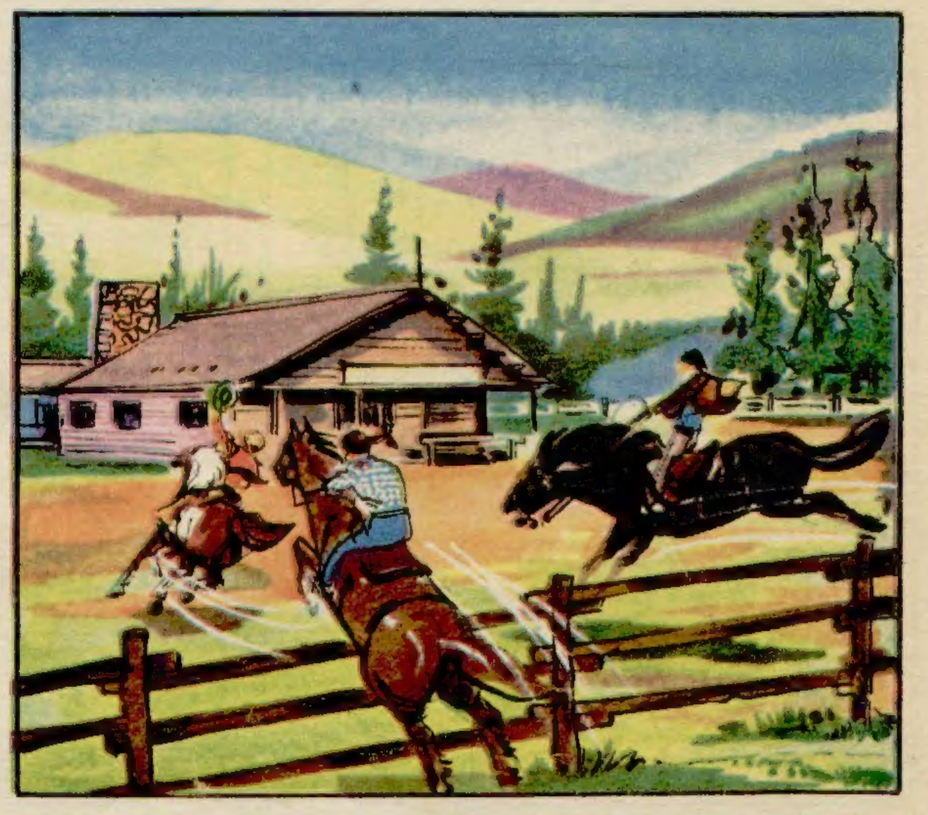


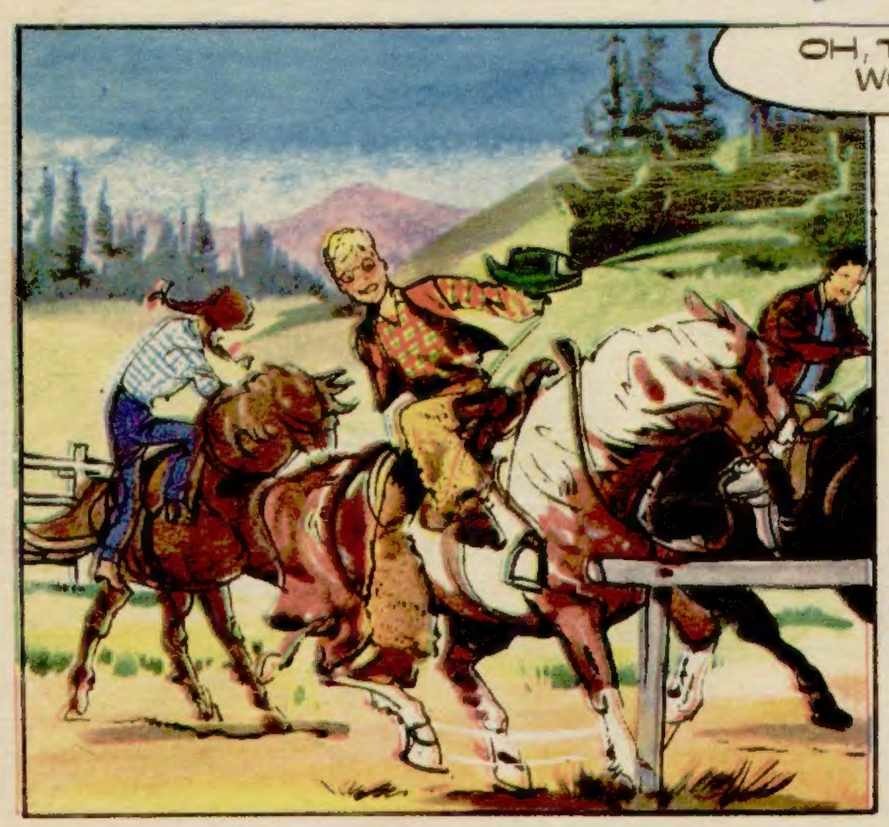


BUT... YOU FOOL! YOU'VE LET THAT IDIOT MATCHMAKER PUT SULPHUR ON THE TIP OF MY BILLIARD CUE! TAKE IT OUT BEFORE IT BURNS THE PLACE DOWN!

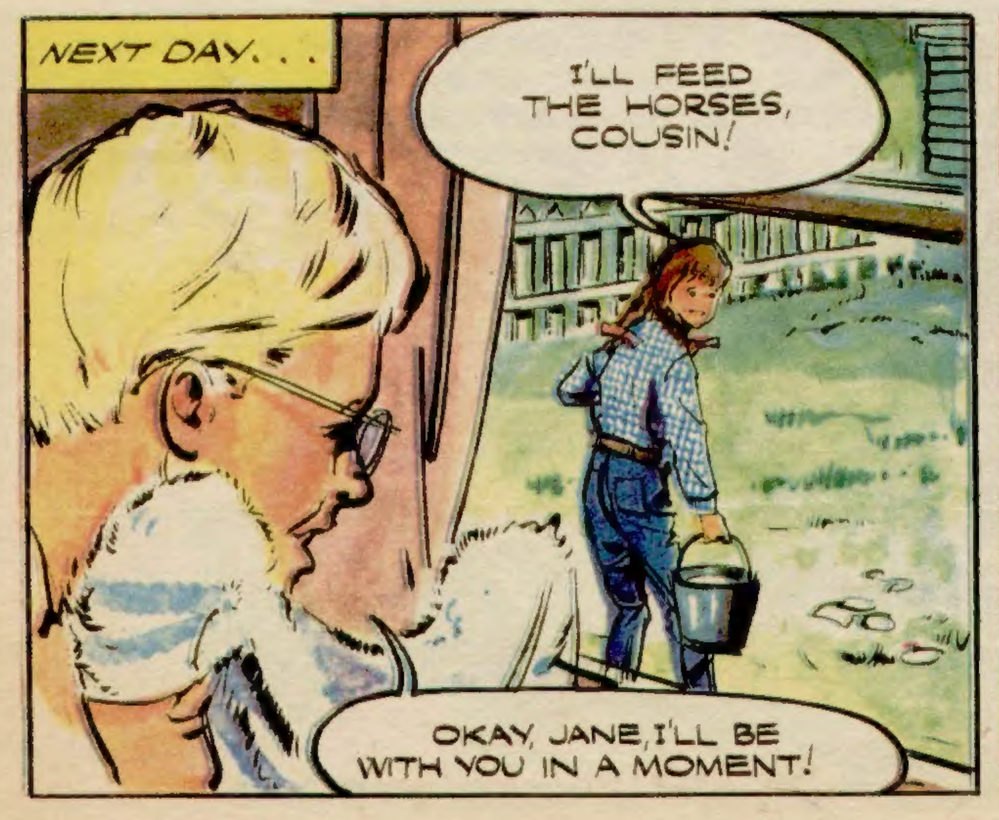
There's some LIGHT comedy in next week's Telegoons!

The MILKY BAR KID





LATER. . . GEE, WE'RE LATE! WE'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE HORSES IN THE STABLE AND RUB THEM DOWN TOMORROW!
NO FEAR, MILKY BAR KID! JANE AND I WILL DO OURS TONIGHT.



Don't miss next week's Milky Bar Kid